

P O S S I B L E

P R O B L E M

ISSUE 4
50¢

COVERS
A 50

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SEND THIS TO:



I never dreamed we'd make it to issue 4... Okay, that's a lie, (sorry I deceived you) but hey! Thank for buying our zine! You'll find all sorts of fun articles, ~~interviews~~, and... Well, just wait and find out! And remember two things: ① WRITE US- we like mail; and ② Never try to get rid of hiccups by drinking water while standing on your head. It just won't work... uh... yeah... Enjoy our rantings!



Send it all to the address on back!

FIVE DOLLARS

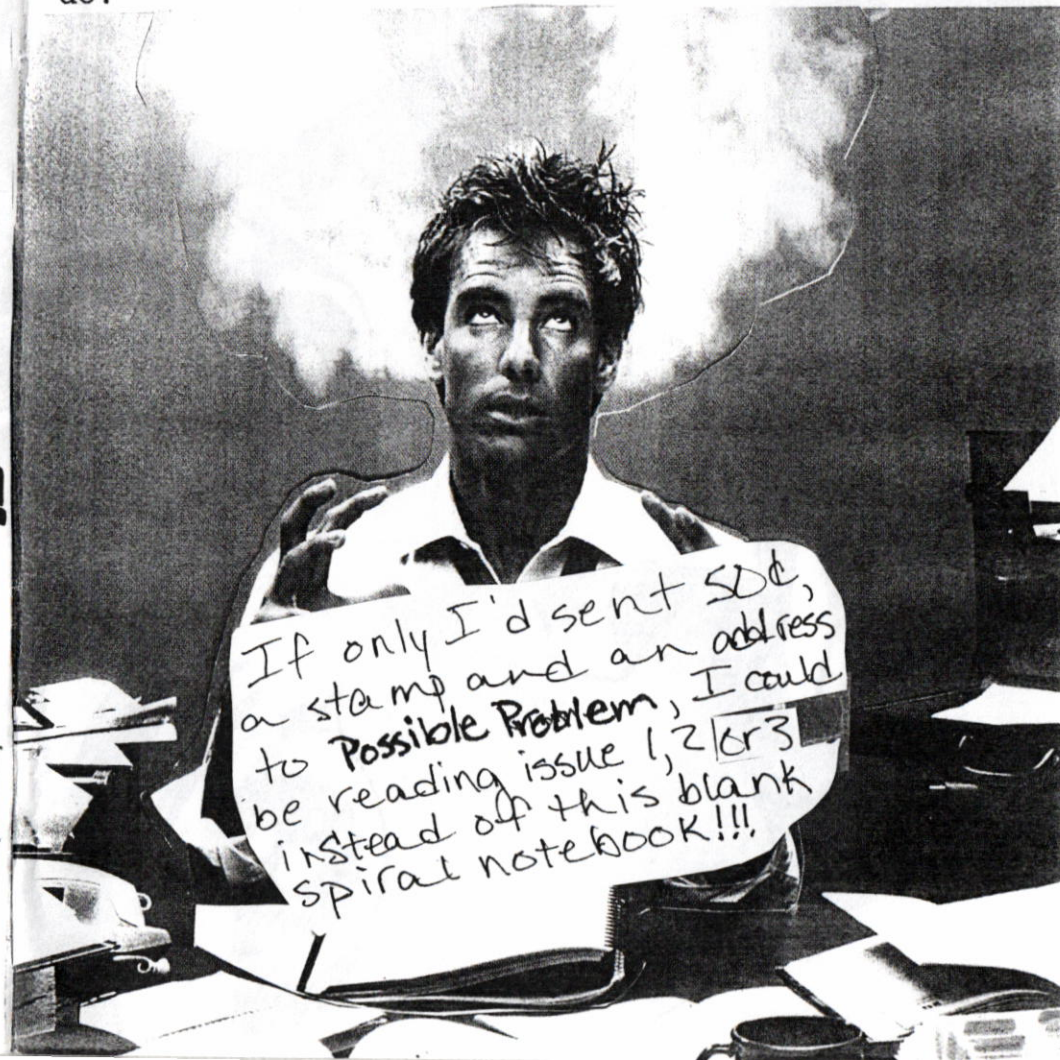
Hey, If you want an ad in this zine send \$5 for 1/2 a page and 8 for a full page. Or send us music and get a half page for free!

FIVE DOLLARS

THANK YOU'S GO OUT TO...

Nitro Records, Kat Records, Asian Man, Fat Wreck Chords, Dischord, Erica Gomez, Anti Freeze (For being the best damn igaulamente hoy quel), and every single one of you beautiful people.

So that was a little thing we like to call our fanzine. We think all of the things printed in this issue were worth sharing with you, our beloved reader. If you think you have something to say that needs to be heard, send it to us and you could be a star! Oh yeah...if all goes as planned, issue five should be out late January (that means February). So look for that and until next time: don't do anything we wouldn't do.





your list of CDs to buy. (PGC Records 9130 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90069)

***AFI: Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Eyes-** I like it, it's got good energy and a quick beat. They do seem to have a consistent message of being lost throughout this CD, poor guys. It's great music, I highly recommend it. (Nitro Records 7071 Warner Ave. Suite F-736 Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

***Endure: some demo tape I have(not the actual title)-H-A-R-D-C-O-R-E-** Not Strife hardcore. More like, umm, Endure hardcore. It's slow, metallish even, with sXe lyrics that I can't understand but luckily it came with a lyric sheet. (4875 N.



Magnolia Ave. Apt.308 Chicago, IL 60640)

***Tuesday: Free Wheelin'-** Okay for what they are doing, they do it very well. But emo's just not quite my style. But if you're into emo, get this. You'll probably like it. (Asian Man Records)



***Tito Santana Orchestra-** What do you get when you cross a skin flute extraordinaire, the masta o disasta, one hell of a washboard player, and a wrestler with a funny name? The Tito Santana Orchestra! They're fast, they're poppy, and they're worth checking out.

***Toasters: Don't Let the Bastards Grind You Down-** It's their seventh CD! Seventeen tracks of high quality ska, a true rudie can skank the night away with. If you like NYC ska, this piece of finga lickin' watermelon is strongly recommended. (Moon Ska Records P.O.Box 1412 New York, New York 10276)

***No Use For A Name: Making Friends-** If you liked Leche Con Carne you'll probably like this, but otherwise I don't know. And if you haven't heard No Use For A Name, they kind of sound like NOFX without (of course) Fat Mike. I love these guys and the new album kicks ass. If you see it remember this: five stars. (Fat Wreck Chords)

***Cause For Alarm: Cheaters and the Cheated-** This is another solid hardcore record from Victory Records. It doesn't sound metallish like some hc records do. This is pretty good unless you don't like hardcore (oh yeah). (Victory Records P.O.Box 146546 Chicago, IL 60614)



***Discount: Half Fiction-** Here we've got some very relaxed melodic punk, a singer with a down right pretty voice, and varying speed of music. This is totally devoid of any toughness and it's well done, if you like that kinda stuff. I do. (Kat Records P.O.Box 46069 Escondido, CA 92046)

***Link 80: Seventeen Reasons-** Good hardcore/ska mix, catchy rhythms, and loud horns- yeah! That's all I have to say about that. Okay, I liked: these guys rule! Grab this disk.

***Hellcat Records: Give 'Em the Boot-** You say you can't go wrong for four bucks? You've either heard this or you're smoking something. Okay- it's not all bad. It kinda grows on you. There are a few highlights like the new Rancid song, a Gadjits song, and Union 13 covering Roots Radicals (mostly in Spanish). So if that sounds appealing, get it. If not, don't.

***Socials: Ska/Punk, and Other Junk-** Gadjits, watch your back. This new ska/punk band is taking over Kansas City. Like the name implies, they play (this isn't hard) ska and punk. As far as the "other junk" goes, they have a neat song called the Nut Song. As to what is it- I have yet to figure it out, but

it says something to the tune of "I'm a nut." Yes they are but their damn good at it.

***Deftones: Around the Fur-** The sophomore from these boys is a solid effort to kick you in the mouth and they knocked some of my fillings loose. Pick this up. My favorite song on this record is Rickets (#5), but all the songs rock.

LOOK, MOM, ANOTHER CONSPIRACY THEORY!

by mARY

I've been thinking a lot lately about the little things that go unnoticed by us but really have a large affect on our lives and this is what I've come up. Just about everything we do in life has something to do with the right side of our body. For example, we start our cars using our right hand to put the key in the ignition on the right side of the steering wheel. Most people write with their right hands, hey, some Catholic schools even used to tie kids left hands behind their backs to encourage use of their right hands. Most scissors are right-handed. Shifting gears in a car is done with the right hand. Most desks in schools are for right-handed kids. Books open on the right side. The list could go on forever. But now for my point- all this time that you're doing things on the right side of your body, your left brain is becoming stronger and your right brain is getting weaker (remember the whole right hand/left brain thing from school?) So while your right brain that makes you creative is losing power, your left brain that makes you more organized is gaining it. So as opposed to drawing or writing poems, you will feel the need to color code you sock drawer. Is this how you want to turn out? So now, instead of turning right at those red lights, turn left and feel the creative juices flow.



Freedom To Smoke
-Samurai Girl

A new law in Independence, Missouri spurred me on to write this article. The law outlawed smoking in ALL public places. Meaning you could only smoke in your car or a house- that's it! Personally I think it's just a little bit extreme.

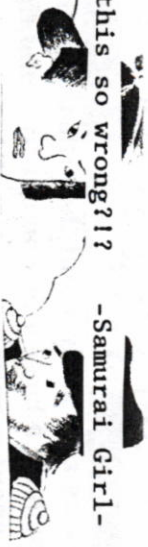
I could understand not allowing smoking in certain parts of restaurant because, well, everyone's got to eat; and to non-smokers second hand smoke isn't exactly desirable. I can also understand not letting people smoke inside at work for the same reason I stated above.

But now they are saying that it's wrong to smoke outside! There are no walls to trap smoke, passers by can barely even smell it. So what's the point? When it goes this far it's not doing anything but taking away freedom and causing inconvenience. So what if it's the freedom to destroy your lungs and possibly get cancer? Thanks to T.V., radio, magazines, and newspapers; you'd have to be dead or just really incompetent not to know all about the dangers. So let smokers smoke! It's their right! Public areas are for the public and I believe that includes everyone. So I say back off! Stop with the laws already! We don't need anymore.

if you have something you want reviewed, send it

Is this so wrong?!

-Samurai Girl-



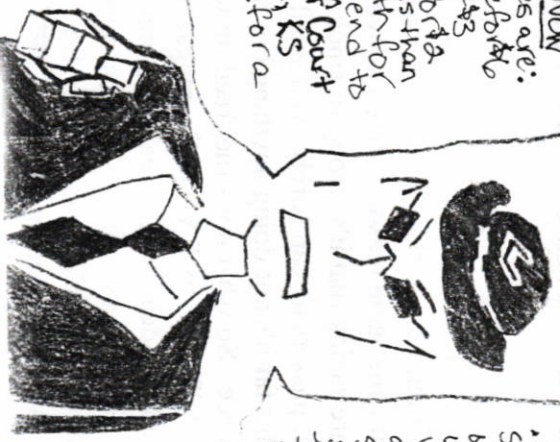
All right, over the years I've gotten the weird looks, rolled eyes, snide comments, and laughter. NO MORE WILL I TOLERATE IT! I really don't understand anyway, otherwise, I could ignore it, but there's no reason. "For what?" you're probably thinking. Well I'll tell you-reading on my own spare time!

Exactly when did entertaining yourself become despicable? I missed it. Why is it that we who read are rejected? I'm really tired of people teasing me about this- it may seem stupid but dammit-I want to read in peace. How about a time (get your kleenex) when a poor little seventh grader was emerged in her book when a cruel peer took it away and ripped it apart, declaring that "only little sissy like you read books like this..."

Okay, so that was definitely an extreme but you get my point. There is no reason to ridicule someone because they have enough imagination left not to have to have it all visualized on TV. So I send out a call to all of you. Stand up for your past time and if people won't shut up, kung-fu their close-minded ass. We can show them that we don't suck, we're not freaks of nature! And that includes those of you reading this. Now go-and kick some serious ass!!!

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REKURD REEVUES REKURD REEVUES



*Unsteady: Double Or Nothing- This is some damn good ska. If you liked their last album, I suggest this. Swing ska, first wave ska, and third wave ska...all on one CD. Nice, very nice. (Asian Man Records P.O.Box 35585 Monte Sereno, CA 95030)
*Buck-O-Nine: Twenty-Eight Teeth- Kinda Less Than Jake-ish with songs about relationships, how much the radio sucks, growing up, etc. Skankable for the most part with some punk thrown in. But since these guys have become radio-friendly I'm sure they've sold plenty of records so I wouldn't waste my money on it. (TVT Records 23 East 4th Street New York, NY 10003)

*Take Warning: The Songs of Operation Ivy- This is a compilation of a bunch of bands (Reel Big Fish, Cherry Poppin' Daddies, The Hippos, Longfellow, The Aquabats, and more) covering, who else, Operation Ivy. Of course no one can play them better than the kings, but all these songs are pretty damn good. (Glue Factory Records P.O.Box 404 Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

*Blink 182: Dude Ranch- Good driving punk but one fault. All these songs are about girls, feeling sorry for themselves, and regrets. Not a good album to listen to if you just broke up with a significant other. But with all this set aside, they won't make you want to change the world but they sure as hell will get their catchy tunes stuck in your head. (Cargo Records J.V. Universal City, CA 91608)



*Pol Shot: Poles and Sholes- They're good upbeat ska, but not really something I'd go out of my way to get. They're pretty average a ska goes. (Asian Man Records)
*Anti-Eeze: A Touch of Pachydermy- A squeezable flip-flop with a touch of bunny. These onomatopoeian catastrophes are collapsible, refundable, and recyclable. Very panda. (If this makes no sense, you obviously haven't heard their latest shoe bop.) (PP Records 4715 Falmouth Roeland Park, KS 66205)

*Happy Go Licky: Will Play- Well, all I can say is I hate it. It's hardcore something, not sure what, but I think these guys need to learn to sing, play instruments, you know, little things like that... (Dischord Records 3819 Beecher St. NW Washington, D.C. 20007)

*Blind Spot Mail Order- This comp has some good stuff on it like Against All Authority's song Disobey, Less Than Jake's Time and a Half, and even a cut called Cyborg Control from Man or Astroman.

*Physical Fatness: Fat Music Volume 3- Folks, they've done it again! A jam packed comp with names like NOFX, Propagandhi, 88 Fingers Louie, and Good Riddance. There may be one song you won't love, but this kicks ass big time! All for a mere \$3.98. (Fat Wreck Chords P.O.Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119)
*Animal Chin: The Ins and Outs of Terrorism- This six song ep is a good example of why this band got the crowd going at the June 6th Reel Big Fish show. My favorite song is Time Out. It's a great punk/ska/hardcore kinda song that makes me want to do some hardcore dancing! These guys said they have a full length coming out, but I haven't found it yet. It'll probably rock out like this does...so look for both.

*Weezer: Pinkerton- Just about every person I've talked to about this album from these big-time rock stars say they like the self-titled album better. But I would have to disagree. This one's still got the love songs that make you feel gully for every dumping someone, but it's very different. Not as slow or mellow- although there's a lovely acoustic song at the end- this had better be on

girls girls girls (mary)

i know i bitch a lot but this just struck a nerve. the other day i was flipping through a spin(i'm sure you're familiar with the mtv of magazines.) i guess they had accumulated too many articles involving women over the years so they crammed them all into one issue and titled it the girl issue. so here i was pondering an ad for some new ska compilation(the latest trend, you know) when i turn the page and it hits me. hot pink background screaming the words "girls girls girls" displaying pictures of dressed up, sometimes barely dressed, blue eyeshadow wearing female celebrities. even christina ricci, casper the friendly ghost's best friend, is sporting a leather jacket, skirt, and heels while looking oh-so-sexy in a corner. "what is this?" i think to myself as i skim over countless pictures of women- both past and present- none of which weigh over eighty pounds and all of which are in some way affiliated with the mainstream media. is this what people think of us? do they think of us as having no purpose but to run around in our pink mini-skirts and white baby tees while providing sexual amusement for men? hell no. i'm a girl just the same as gwen stefani and although my wardrobe consists of jeans and tee shirts as opposed to plaid pants and diamond-studded bras it doesn't mean that my existence is any less important than her whiny ass's. after i've had about as much of this as i can stomach i start making my way towards the end of the magazine. what's this? an article? maybe it's about something good besides the olympic gymnastics team. nope. it's some sob story about a model that posed for some trendy teen magazine and now she's getting sued. great...and this affects me how? yet another example of how the media is dedicated to bettering my life. so to you geniuses at spin that thought of the whole feminine theme and the sexist pig that decided to portray us as skinny, blonde, helpless sex objects- fuck off and take your unrealistic ideals with you. we've past this stage, remember? this is 1997 not 1797.

A spoken word excerpt from by Frail (sorry if something is misquoted, but i copied it off a tape.)

Stagnant, Submissive, summarized existence. We are held by engrained silence and apathetic boredom. We remain still and lifeless, bound by tradition and Christian morals. Life consumed by the procedure and efficiency of the American social machine. Talk shows uncovering the scandals of society. Social Superiority based on genetics, ten days to the new thinner you, all new episodes of the 700 Club, media extravaganza, OJ Simpson, and Chelsea is a riot girl. Late Night with David Letterman, Spring Break in Daytona, Newt Gingrich, Rodney King, Generation X, and the downfall of the nuclear family. However, life is not meant to be structured into an assembly line with the exact same parts making the exact same products. Life was never meant to be a procedure. Life is fluid. Life turns you upside down and spins you every which way, and you can't be expected to remain passive and silent to the whole wonderful ride. And maybe hardcore is allowing me to assert control over my life by letting me live to the fullest, by letting me make my own noise based on my own decisions and my own actions. So yes, this is the sound of my hopes and this is the sound of my dreams and this is the sound of my heart. Silence is silent. Make your own noise.

GREED HAS MADE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE by MARY

i hope you are as mad after just reading this title as i was when some guy in my english class actually said(and believed) it. now maybe i wouldn't be so mad if he had some sort of explanation other than "it makes people work harder". tell me how greed has made the world a better place. tell me how people working themselves to death in order to have more money than their neighbor has made the world a better place. tell me how your money collecting interest in some bank account instead of feeding the hungry children of this world has made earth a better place. i honestly don't understand. yeah maybe people would work hard if they felt the need to have lots of money, but then again greed should not be the motivation for anything. greed is a sick and twisted thing that brings out nothing but the bad in people. people get greedy for power so they fight wars to conquer new lands to rule. wars have definitely made the world better places, right? i can think of a couple billion people that have all benefited from greed and they all either lost their lives in some power-hungry battle or starved to death.

KNIVES IN OUR SOCIETY

By Samurai Girl

About a week ago I received a Christmas catalog of knives(?)! I thought that there was something odd about that in it's self. Then I looked inside. 50 pages of knives, half of which are labeled as illegal in both Massachusetts and California! These knives are up to 2 feet in length and have either serrated edges or hooks. And how about some of those names- The Apocalypse, The Undertaker?-

And why would someone need these anyway?! They are to large and bizarre looking to use around the house or in the yard, and you sure as hell aren't going to eat with them. So why, in our "Stop the Violence" society is our government allowing the sales of bowies, butterfly knives and machetes? The sales of these are very much unneeded and un-called for. And the fact that you might buy your mother/wife a 15 piece kitchen knife set or your son a batwing knife as a Christmas gift just sickens me.

It scares me even more than anything else though, when I walk down the street looking at the hundreds of people and know that any one of them could be carrying one of these.

-Samurai Girl

THE APOCALYPSE I

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I have a question. What's so hard about being yourself? It's like we're born with this feeling that we have to belong. Maybe it's something in the water. I don't know but I'm sure if you dug deep into the souls of even the most self-expressing people you'd find some self-

consciousness. Some little piece of their subconscious that cared what other people thought about them. You think it should be so easy to just not care at all but in reality it's harder than it seems. I mean I know I'm pretty care free in the valuing others' opinions of me department but I'll admit there have been times when I wished I was one way or another because of what other people have said. But I got over it and this is my advice to all you out there with this problem: People are unique and we can't help it. We may not like it sometimes but we still can't change who we really are. We can pretend to be something we're not but what's the 5 point in that? You'd only be forming relationships that are based on lies. And those are the worst kind. These are supposed to be "the best years of our lives" and it'd be a waste to be faking it the whole time.



In Exercises 9-14, find the slope of the graph of the linear function f .

9. $f(2) = -3, f(-2) = 5$
10. $f(0) = 1, f(1) = 0$
11. $f(-3) = -$
12. $f(6) = -1, f(3) = 8$
13. $f(9) = -1, f(-1) = 2$
14. $f(-1) = 1,$

HEMLOCK

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February 5, 1914 -
August 2, 1997

Rock and Roll adolescent hoodlums storm the streets of all nations. They rush into the Louvre and throw acid in the Mona Lisa's face. They open zoos, insane asylums, prisons, burst water mains with air hammers, chop the floor out of passenger plane lavatories, shoot out lighthouses, file elevator cables to one thin wire, turn sewers into the water supply, throw sharks and sting rays, electric eels and candiru into swimming pools, in nautical costumes ram the Queen Mary full speed into New York Harbor, play chicken with passenger planes and buses, rush into hospitals in white coats carrying saws and axes and scalpels three feet long; throw paralytics out of iron lungs, administer injections with bicycle pumps, disconnect artificial kidneys, saw a woman in half with a two-man surgical saw, they drive herds of squealing pigs into the Curb, they shit on the floor of the United Nations and wipe their ass with treaties, pacts, alliances.

By plane, car, horse, camel, elephant, tractor, bicycle and steam roller, on foot, skis, sled, crutch and pogostick the tourists storm the frontiers, demanding with inflexible authority asylum from the "unspeakable conditions obtaining in Freeland," the Chamber of Commerce striving in vain to stem the debacle: "Please to be restful. It is only a few crazies who have from the crazy place outbroken."

I just heard about something that has seriously disturbed me. Apparently a few high school boys decided it would be a humorous prank to beat twenty-three cats in a humane shelter to death. I have many problems with this little "prank" and I'll start with the least important.

1. These kids were stressed as high school athletes, like it is somehow more shocking that a jock would be violent. Wait a minute, don't jocks get pretty violent in sports? Sorry guys, that shouldn't make a difference!

2. It was commented that, "Boys will be boys." So f#@king what? So this is okay just because boys did it? It is a fact that people would be horrified if a few girls did this. But, hey, since it was boys, who cares?

3. Many people commented that, "It was just a prank..." this is NOT a prank, it is a cruel and heartless act, shaving cats is a prank, beating them to death is most definitely not!

4. They only got 23 days in jail for this little beat down. Why? Because the cats were judged to be worth nothing. As one lawyer put it; "One stray cat is worthless, zero multiplied by twenty-three, is zero." They set their punishment by putting a money value on twenty-three lives! This wasn't a felony-but if you go knock down someone's mailbox -that's a felony. Something about that strikes me as very wrong. If a human was killed, we wouldn't put a dollar value on their life; so how can we here? And to say they are worth NOTHING? I'm sorry I've got a problem with that, too.

5. (my last point) "they were only cats" Oh, well dogs are only pets too, so they must be worthless. And babies don't contribute to our society, guess their worthless, we could club them. And Jews-well, their an inferior race-we could kill them too! Oh, gee, look how far this can go.

It's never okay to ignore the value of a life, even if it's just a cat. So why wasn't this a big deal?? This was a cruel act, dismissed as a teenage boys' prank. We're all on a sinking ship here. And it's sinking faster! We all need to realize what we're headed towards when beating 23 cats is a prank. I don't know how to change this-but I think it would help an awful lot to take a step back and look at ourselves- we're becoming more and more violent. And it's happening pretty damn fast. We need to stop, and we need to stop NOW!!-SAMURAI GIRL

Top 10 Movies of All Time

Alright-here are ten of the best movies-classes, if you will. If you haven't seen these-**YOU HAVEN'T LIVED!** And, umm, I couldn't put these in order, they were all just so damn good! So check 'em out.
(Samurai Girl)

10. **EDWARD SCISSOR HANDS**-A little odd, touching, and kick-ass shaped bushes.

9. **PRINCESS BRIDE**-If you didn't see this as a child you were deprived-my pity falls on you!

8. **GHOST BUSTERS**-What can I say? It's self-explanatory.

7. **STAR WARS TRILOGY**-If you haven't seen this you don't deserve life. It comes from a time when humans didn't insist on using computers for all the effects. A timeless classic.

6. **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**-In the true style of Gene Wilder my all time comedy exists. They don't make 'em like this anymore.

5. **BRAVEHEART**-Yes, it's very long, but it's one of the only movies that made me cry-even though you already know how it's going to end.

4. **PARK CRYSTAL**-One of Jim Henson's masterpieces. I've seen it a zillion times. You can't not see this movie. The Land Gliders kick ass.

3. **OOONIES-Sloth rules!** You will see this or die!!! It's just that good.

2. **LABYRINTH**-What can I say? It's got creativity, really trippy scenes and-oh yeah-David Bowie in really tight tights.

1. **MONTY PYTHON**-I know it's not just one movie, but you must see any one of these. They all rule. And remember-"Only the Messiah would deny he was the Messiah!"

The tradition of Top 10 Lists is up held. Now go, my children, and live enlightenment.

INSERT WITTY SLOGAN HERE

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Last Job

Samurai Girl

He slid the small red beam across the wall, back and forth. In a way, it looked a little like Tinkerbell. That made him smile, then he stopped the beam-stopped thinking-kept smiling. The explosive sound reverberated through his skull and the screams started, even before the damage occurred. Across the room he watched as his target's head dissipated into a mix of paper mache and confetti. He had always preferred to shoot up close and not in the face to see that look in their eyes. It was like you could see their soul slowly giving up and draining away that life spark. And then those empty eyes; he shivered. He didn't know why, but he couldn't do that now, he couldn't believe he was going soft. There were just too many ghosts now. Too many blank stares and silent pleas. Not just in his dreams-everywhere. But he could still do it, even if from a distance he could do it...

He snapped back to reality, the cops would be here soon and he had to be gone. Running his hand over the smooth black metal of his best friend, he put it into his steel briefcase and closed it. He would have to hurry now, he still had one more meeting before he could get his pay. He lit a cigarette in the elevator and a spindly little accountant whined that this was a "no smoking establishment." For no reason, he reached out to the accountant and pushed him to the wall. He carefully stroked his face, tracing his jaw and then clamping his hand over the cries of "Get off me you faggo..." Then he lifted his cigarette and pushed it against his temple. It was good to see his flesh bubble and cook, too feel the fighting against him. Suddenly reality comes: he's getting side tracked again. He drives a blow to Mr. No-Smoking's nose. Too hard, blood pours over his face and he hears a pop-he pushed his nose into his brain. He curses himself for being so careless. He realizes he stopped the elevator and presses the parking lot button. He curls up the accountant against a wall- someone else can clean up...It starts again, those empty eyes burn through his mind and ghostly hands choking him, tearing at his face. He runs. When he comes to he is at the next job. Not sure how he got here-but at least he made it. He looks for his place, a nearby roof, and waits for his assignment to jog through the park. His friend feels cold and slick to the touch; he starts sliding the red beam and smiles when it finds a home. Another explosion of confetti all over a shocked passer by. As he listens to the screams, he turns his friend. And as the red light blinds him, he imagines what his eyes will look like when his soul fights, gives up, and drains away that life spark forever.

comics, Comics...

For Better or For Worse

By LYNN JOHNSTON

YACK, YACK, YACK, YACK, YACK.

WHOA!

DUANE? - THAT LOOKS TOTALLY AMAZING! - HOW DID YOU DO IT?

WOOD GLUE FOR THE HAIR, AN' BINGO DABBERS FOR THE COLOR!!

THAT IS SO COOL!

NEAT!

YOU'RE CRAZY!

IT MUST BE HARD TO SLEEP ON!

IT'S GREAT, MAN... BUT WHY DID YOU DO IT?

9/28

...THAT'S WHY.

FRANK DECIDES AGAINST THE BURGER AND FRIES

TIME CAFE

Now, young man, you eat your peas or...
GAAACCKK!!

Todd Clark

Darth Vader as a child.

Steve M

FRIENDSHIP? Samurai Girl

The time has come for me to address an important subject, the trust for friends. Ask almost anyone what the most important quality is for friendship and they will most likely say trust. So if the majority of the people say it's important, then why doesn't anyone give it anymore?

It's pretty hard to show that you can be trusted when no one gives you the chance. I've had all I can possibly take of people weeping and whining about how they have no friends when one of their biggest problems is that they only share their heartbreaks or pain if they stand to have some type of personal gain from it.

I'm sick of people doing this because they think it will help them get a boy/girl friend. They think their story of misery will make them more "punk"; or just because they are so goddamn insecure with themselves that they have to be the center of attention every moment every day even if it means fabricating their whole lives. No more, I'm sick of it.

Friendship isn't just a one-sided arrangement to boost someone's under-developed ego. It's a two-way street folks, so get used to it. In order to get compassion you need to learn to give it too. And what hurts more than anything is not getting any returning help. If all you are looking for is a willing gimp-slave to give you false attention and not need you to listen, get yourself a cat- they never ask you to listen.

And on an end note, friends don't shut each other out either. So think about it; everyone's got rotten shit in their lives, so don't think you're so special that you need all the attention for your life. Everyone needs a little help sometimes.

isn't it a bit unnerving that doctors call what they do "practice"?

I may be lying in the gutter but I'm staring at the stars

Would a fly without wings be called a walk?